Wandering the hallways of my mind.
Reflections of a demented person.

Wandering the hallways of my mind.
I am lost.
Searching,
Familiarity and mystery lie waiting around every corner. But which corner?
Wandering.

Shadows of a face I once knew so well,
Figures shrouded in the mists of time,
Fading beyond the reach of an outstretched arm.
Wandering.

The soft patter of little feet,
The gentle curve of a reluctant smile,
The warm tears of unkind years,
Wandering.

Wandering the hallways of my mind.
Wandering,
Wandering,
Wandering.

Sherine Salib

Correspondence to Dr. Sherine Salib, MD, MRCP, FACP, Dell Medical School, University of Texas at Austin, Internal Medicine, Austin, Texas, USA; ssalib@seton.org

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